WILL: SHAKESPEAR.

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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR IN NINE VOLUMES. WITH A GLOSSARY.

Carefully printed from the *Oxford* Edition in Quarto, 1744.

----- *Nil ortum tale.* ---- HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pater-noster-Row.*
MDCCXLVII.

13415.7

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THE PREFACE.

WHAT the Publick is here to expect is a true and correct Edition of Shakeſpear's *works cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great Admirers of this incomparable Author hath made it the amuſement of his leiſure hours for many years paſt to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obſcurities and abſurdities introduced into the text, and according to the beſt of his judgment to reſtore the genuine ſenſe and purity of it. In this he propoſed nothing to himſelf but his private ſatisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could: but as the emendations*

multiplied upon his hands, other Gentlemen equally fond of the Author desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their perswasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late Editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progress they made in weeding out so great a number of blunders and mistakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of such an undertaking if he had not found a considerable part so done to his hands.

From what causes it proceeded that the works of this Author in the first publication of them were more injured and abused than perhaps any that ever pass'd the Press, hath been sufficiently explained in the Preface to Mr. Pope's *Edition which is here subjoined, and there needs no more to be said upon that subject. This only the Reader is desired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous and of a grosser*

kind

kind than can well be conceived but by thoſe who have looked nearly into them; ſo in the correcting them this rule hath been moſt ſtrictly obſerved, not to give a looſe to fancy, or indulge a licentious ſpirit of criticiſm, as if it were fit for any one to preſume to judge what Shakeſpear *ought to have written, inſtead of endeavouring to diſcover truly and retrieve what he did write: and ſo great caution hath been uſed in this reſpect, that no alterations have been made but what the ſenſe neceſſarily required, what the meaſure of the verſe often helped to point out, and what the ſimilitude of words in the falſe reading and in the true, generally ſpeaking, appeared very well to juſtify.*

Moſt of thoſe paſſages are here thrown to the bottom of the page and rejected as ſpurious, which were ſtigmatized as ſuch in Mr. Pope's *Edition; and it were to be wiſhed that more had then undergone the ſame ſentence. The promoter of the preſent Edition hath ventured to diſcard but few more upon his own judgment, the moſt conſiderable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in King* Henry V. *put into the mouths of the* French *Princeſs and an old Gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in* French *and not intelligible to an* Engliſh *audience, and yet that perhaps is the beſt thing that can be ſaid of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low ſtuff which diſgraces the works of this great Author, was*

foiſted in by the Players after his death, to pleaſe the vulgar audiences by which they ſubſiſted: and though ſome of the poor witticiſms and conceits muſt be ſuppoſed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, ſo it is to be remember'd that he wrote for the Stage, rude and unpoliſhed as it then was; and the vicious taſte of the age muſt ſtand condemned for them, ſince he hath left upon record a ſignal proof how much he deſpiſed them. In his Play of The Merchant of VENICE *a Clown is introduced quibbling in a miſerable manner, upon which one who bears the character of a man of ſenſe makes the following reflection*; How every fool can play upon a word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. *He could hardly have found ſtronger words to expreſs his indignation at thoſe falſe pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though ſuch traſh is frequently interſperſed in his writings, it would be unjuſt to caſt it as an imputation upon his taſte and judgment and character as a Writer.*

There being many words in Shakeſpear *which are grown out of uſe and obſolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a Gloſſary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all thoſe terms which have hitherto*

therto been ſo many ſtumbling-blocks to the generality of Readers; and where there is any obſcurity in the text not ariſing from the words but from a reference to ſome antiquated cuſtoms now forgotten, or other cauſes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With theſe ſeveral helps if that rich vein of ſenſe which runs through the works of this Author can be retrieved in every part and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped without preſumption that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleaſure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him juſtice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a ſingular Genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in thoſe two great branches of Poetry, Tragedy and Comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be ſaid without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the beſt writers of any age or country who have thought it glory enough to diſtinguiſh themſelves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their moſt celebrated Poets with the faireſt impreſſions beautified with the ornaments of ſculpture, well may our Shakeſpear *be thought to deſerve no leſs conſideration:*

ſideration: and as a freſh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his Statue at a publick expence; ſo it is deſired that this new Edition of his works, which hath coſt ſome attention and care, may be looked upon as another ſmall monument deſigned and dedicated to his honour.

Mr.

Mr *POPE*'s PREFACE.

IT is not my design to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just Writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all *English* Poets *Shakespear* must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for Criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of Beauties and Faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his Works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A design, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic Excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other Dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any Author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakespear*. *Homer* himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded thro' *Ægyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The Poetry of *Shakespear* was Inspiration indeed; he is not so much an

Imitator, as an Inſtrument, of Nature; and 'tis not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature her ſelf, that 'tis a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as Copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multiplyers of the ſame image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every ſingle character in *Shakeſpear* is as much an Individual, as thoſe in Life it ſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be Twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of Character, we muſt add the wonderful Preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Perſons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſs'd in a more eminent degree, or diſplay'd in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurpriz'd, the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the Paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *Great*, than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: In the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument

ment turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: So that he seems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philosopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It must be own'd that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these Contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) Talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to please the *Populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakespear* having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only but almost all the old Comedies have their Scene among *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks:* And even their Historical Plays strictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *Surprize* and cause *Admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, Events and Incidents; the most exaggerated Thoughts; the most verbose and bombast Expression; the most pompous Rhymes, and thundering Versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *Please*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry,

dry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his ſubject: his Genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome Prince of a Romance in the diſguiſe of a Shepherd or Peaſant; a certain Greatneſs and Spirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqu'd themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till *Ben Johnſon* getting poſſeſſion of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt Declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his Actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients: their Tragedies were only Hiſtories in Dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any Novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true Hiſtory.

To judge therefore of *Shakeſpear* by *Ariſtotle*'s rules, is like trying a man by the Laws of one Country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *People*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the Learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the Ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of Reputation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Immortality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerv'd, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the Court had ſucceeded to that of the Town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The Dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence

evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but Editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the Town or the Court.

Another Cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of *Ariſtotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to *Shakeſpear*, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben Johnſon* in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the firſt folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of* Henry *the 6th*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of the *Contention of* York *and* Lancaſter; and that *of* Henry *the 5th*, extreamly improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a Praiſe by ſome; and to this his Errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly Defects, but Superfœtations: and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of think-

ing or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forc'd expreſſions, *&c.* if theſe are not to be aſcrib'd to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charg'd upon the Poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Diſadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſ-lead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *Learning* and *Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at leaſt, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural Philoſophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern Hiſtory, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the *Romans* are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnſon*'s. The manners of other nations in general, the *Ægyptians*, *Venetians*, *French*, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities

qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the Poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than *Shakeſpear*. We have Tranſlations from *Ovid* publiſhed in his name, among thoſe Poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority, (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton*:) He appears alſo to have been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern *Italian* writers of Novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the Ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little reſemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnſon*; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe *Ben Johnſon* had much the moſt learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that *Shakeſpear* had none at all; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnſon* wanted both. Becauſe *Shakeſpear* borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that *Ben Johnſon* borrowed every thing. Becauſe *Johnſon* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the

rebound, and turned into Praiſes; as injudiciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them Objections.

Poets are always afraid of Envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of Admiration. They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum Laudantes*, ſays *Tacitus*: and *Virgil* deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a Poet without rule or reaſon.

——*Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne Vati noceat——

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnſon* was introduced upon the Stage, and his firſt works encouraged, by *Shakeſpear*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhows as if the friendſhip had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. *Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æſchylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him: and (which is very particular) expreſly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhou'd be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. *Ben Johnſon* might indeed be ſparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly,

than

than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were Friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their Followers and Flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties*, both in Wit and State, as with thoſe Monſters deſcribed by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at leaſt may have ſomething human, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of *Shakeſpear*'s want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt Publiſhers of his works. In theſe Editions their ignorance ſhines almoſt in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches ſolus.* Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: Their very *Welſh* is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of *Hector*'s quoting *Ariſtotle*, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a School, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. *Ben Johnſon* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome Latin*; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be *Shakeſpear*'s.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable Errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the Players, both as his actors, and as his Editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not *Shakeſpear* only, but *Ariſtotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appear'd to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in Quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſh'd by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the

preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it's plain there was either no Corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Midſummer-Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſh'd without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two Players, *Heminges* and *Condell*, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the Quarto's:

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe Quarto's, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns wou'd ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there.

there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: And I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems, without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of *Procruſtes*) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their Stage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the Author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter*'s *Book*, or *Piece-meal Parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome places their very * names are thro' careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inſerted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſh'd by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of Muſick, Maſques, or Monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs

* Much Ado about Nothing. *Act* 2. *Enter Prince* Leonato, Claudio, *and* Jack Wilſon, *inſtead of* Balthaſar. *And in Act* 4. Cowley, *and* Kemp, *conſtantly thro' a whole Scene.*

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

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From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: Or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

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Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the Judgment, as well as Condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt Playhouſes were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and conſequently were intirely depriv'd of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had *Shakeſpear* publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Old-*

Oldcaſtle, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſion'd ſome Plays to be ſuppoſed *Shakeſpear*'s was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor: A miſtake, which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the Houſe to remove. Yet the Players themſelves, *Heminges* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakeſpear* the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnſon* ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakeſpear* was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

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I will conclude by ſaying of *Shakeſpear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſh'd and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allow'd, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the Whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childiſh, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur.

Note that one paragraph of this preface is omitted as containing matters particular to Mr. Pope's *Edition, and which no ways relate to This.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c. OF Mr William Shakeſpear.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to Poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of Antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this Curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfy'd with an account of any remarkable perſon, 'till we have heard him deſcrib'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book: And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakeſpear* may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of

of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. *John Shakeſpear*, and was born at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, in *April* 1564. His family, as appears by the Regiſter and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for ſome time at a Free-ſchool, where 'tis probable he acquired what *Latin* he was maſter of: But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius*, (equal, if not ſuperior to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy 'em with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a diſadvantge to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrain'd ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakeſpear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupply'd him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the *Engliſh* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and

and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of ſettlement he continu'd for ſome time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it ſeem'd at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *Genius's* that ever was known in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of Deer-ſtealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the firſt eſſay of his Poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the Play-houſe. He was receiv'd into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſh'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other Players, before ſome old Plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have enquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt Play he wrote*; it would

* The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo* and *Juliet* in 1597, when the Author was 33 years old; and *Richard* the 2d, and 3d, in the next year, *viz.* the 34th of his age.

be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like *Shakeſpear*'s. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceiv'd in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But tho' the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry* V. by a compliment very handſomly turn'd to the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſhews the play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland:* And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her ſucceſſor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII. is a proof of that Play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to ſee a *Genius* ariſe amongſt 'em of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder if with ſo many good qualities he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen *Elizabeth* had ſeveral of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair Veſtal, Throned by the Weſt.*
Midſummer Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in,

in, and very handſomely apply'd to her. She was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falſtaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of* Windſor. How well ſhe was obey'd, the play it ſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of *Falſtaff* is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of *Falſtaff*. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir *John Falſtaff*, who was a Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſh'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the ſixth's times. What grace ſoever the Queen conferr'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakeſpear*'s, that if I had not been aſſur'd that the ſtory was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventur'd to have inſerted, that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him.

* See the Epilogue to *Henry* 4th.

His exceeding candor and good-nature muſt certainly have inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnſon* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. *Johnſon*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turn'd it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their Company; when *Shakeſpear* luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnſon* and his writings to the publick. *Johnſon* was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakeſpear*; tho' at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſs'd admirer of *Shakeſpear*, had undertaken his defence againſt *Ben Johnſon* with ſome warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told 'em, *That if Mr.* Shakeſpear *had not read the Ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by* Shakeſpear.

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remember'd in that country,

country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: It happen'd, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakeſpear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakeſpear* gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lyes here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man aſk, Who lyes in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the ſharpneſs of the Satire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' *ſake forbear*
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three Sons, who all dy'd without children; and *Suſannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbington*, but dy'd likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: The character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince *Ben Johnſon* has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

" I remember the Players have often mention'd it as " an honour to *Shakeſpear*, that in writing (whatſoever he " penn'd) he never blotted out a line. My anſwer hath " been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* which they " thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſterity " this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that circum- " ſtance to commend their friend by, wherein he moſt " faulted: and to juſtify mine own candor, (for I lov'd the " man, and do honour his memory, on this ſide idolatry, " as much as any.) He was, indeed, honeſt, and of an " open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave no- " tions, and gentle expreſſions; wherein he flow'd with " that facility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould " be ſtopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of " *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power, would the " rule of it had been ſo too. Many times he fell into " thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter; as when " he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeaking to him,

" Cæſar *thou doſt me wrong.*

" He reply'd:

" Cæſar *did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

" and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he redeem'd " his vices with his virtues: There was ever more in him " to be prais'd than to be pardon'd.

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of *Shakeſpear*, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnſon*. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnſon*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expreſs'd by what *Horace* ſays of the firſt *Romans*, who

who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed tranſlated 'em) in his epiſtle to *Auguſtus*.

——— *Naturâ ſublimis & acer,*
Nam ſpirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.

As I have not propos'd to my ſelf to enter into a large and compleat collection upon *Shakeſpear*'s Works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgments of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be diſtinguiſh'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Thoſe which are called Hiſtories, and even ſome of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongſt 'em. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the *Engliſh* taſte, that tho' the ſeverer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of* Windſor, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the reſt, however they are call'd, have ſomething of both kinds. 'Tis not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the preſent age has taken the libe ty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſh'd variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falſtaff* is allow'd by every body to be a maſter-piece; the Character is always well-ſuſtain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the firſt act of *Henry* V. tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I don't know whether

whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded 'em, been ſorry to ſee his friend *Hal* uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the ſecond part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongſt other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of* Windſor, he has made him a Deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the *Welſh* parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main deſign, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreaſonable jealouſy is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward *Malvolio*. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Roſalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Therſites* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatyrical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in the *Merchant of* Venice; but tho' we have ſeen that play receiv'd and acted as a Comedy, and the part of the *Jew* perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the Author. There appears in it ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of Comedy. The Play it ſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſh'd of any of *Shakeſpear*'s. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be

be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of *Antonio* to *Baſſanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what *Portia* ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

'twill be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old, and common enough.

——*All the world is a Stage,*
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the Lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,

Turning

Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans ev'ry thing.
Vol. III. p. 33.

His Images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; 'tis an Image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

——*She never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have expreſs'd the paſſions deſign'd by this ſketch of Statuary! The ſtyle of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in it ſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into dogrel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the Sermons of ſome of the graveſt Divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this Author's genius do's no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it

comes to be plac'd the firſt by the Publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: It ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valu'd himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerv'd in theſe ſort of writings; yet he do's it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His Magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well ſuſtain'd, ſhews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon Groteſques that was ever ſeen. The obſervation, which I have been inform'd * three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; *That* Shakeſpear *had not only found out a new Character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two laſt of theſe Plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakeſpear*. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults: But as *Shakeſpear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that liv'd in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licenſe and

* Lord *Falkland*, Lord C. J. *Vaughan*, and Mr. *Selden*.

ignorance:

ignorance: there was no eſtabliſh'd judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick Poetry ſo far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the firſt, among thoſe that are reckon'd the conſtituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be conſider'd, the fit Diſpoſition, Order and Conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true Hiſtory, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made uſe of 'em in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his careleſsneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhown by the Poet*, he may be generally juſtify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe Plays which he has taken from the *Engliſh* or *Roman* hiſtory, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King* John, *King* Richard, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry* the ſixth, than the picture *Shakeſpear* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the ſame with his ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcrib'd

deſcrib'd with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſie ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the ſame time the Poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſign'd to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort Scene in the ſecond part of *Henry* VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Glouceſter*, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is ſo much terror in the one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry* VIII. that Prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artiſt wanted either colours or ſkill in the diſpoſition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his Miſtreſs, to have expos'd ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the Miniſter of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolſey*. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcrib'd in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen *Catharine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has ſcreen'd King *Henry* from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclin'd to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerv'd, in thoſe characters taken from the *Roman* Hiſtory; and of

this, the fierceneſs and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find 'em exactly as they are deſcrib'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakeſpear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between 'em, and occaſion'd the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their huſbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the *Greek* Tragedy, ſomething very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D' Acier* has obſerv'd, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the Manners he has given that Princeſs and *Oreſtes* in the latter part. *Oreſtes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear *Clytemneſtra* crying out to *Ægyſthus* for help, and to her ſon for mercy: While *Electra*, her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! *Clytemneſtra* was a wicked woman, and had deſerv'd to die;

die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was kill'd by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerv'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakeſpear*. *Hamlet* is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as *Oreſtes*; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by inceſt: But 'tis with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the Poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakeſpear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murder'd, in the ſecond act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this Maſter-piece of *Shakeſpear* diſtinguiſh it ſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine performance of that part. A man, who though he he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudy'd him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of

him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakespear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted to us by John Anſtis, *Eſq*; Garter *King at Arms: It is mark'd*, G. 13. p. 349.

[*There is alſo a Manuſcript in the Herald's Office, marked* W. 2. p. 276; *where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Perſon to whom it was granted, had born Magiſtracy at* Stratford *upon* Avon.]

TO all and ſingular Noble and Gentlemen of all Eſtates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come: *William Detbick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieulx*, King of Arms for the South, Eaſt, and Weſt Parts of this Realm, ſend Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Diſpoſitions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and Tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Teſtimony whereof apperteineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being ſollicited, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakeſpere*, now of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whoſe Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late moſt prudent Prince, King *Henry* VII. of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in thoſe Parts of *Warwickſhire*, where they have continued by ſome Deſcents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the ſaid *John Shakeſpere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of *Wellingcote* in the ſaid County, and alſo produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he was her Majeſty's Officer and Bailiff of that Town. In conſideration of the Premiſes, and for the Encouragement of his Poſterity,

unto whom ſuch Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their ſaid Mother, by the ancient Cuſtom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully deſcend; We the ſaid *Garter* and *Clarencieulx* have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe Preſents exemplified unto the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, and to his Poſterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, *viz. In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the firſt, the Point upward, headed, Argent*; and for his Creſt or Cogniſance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a Wreathe of his Colours, ſupporting a Spear armed headed, or ſteeled Silver*, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient Arms of the ſaid *Arden* of *Wellingcote*; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, Gent. to bear and uſe the ſame Shield of Arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural Life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his Children, Iſſue, and Poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Uſe or Exerciſes, according to the Laws of Arms, and Cuſtom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Perſon or Perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In Witneſs and Teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our Names, and faſtned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the . Day of . in the Forty Second Year of the Reign of our moſt Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* 1599.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY of my beloved the AUTHOR, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR; And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (Shakeſpear) *on thy* Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, *and* Fame:
While I confeſs thy writings *to be ſuch,*
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance *on theſe may light,*
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but ecchoes *right;*
Or blind Affection, *which doth ne're advance*
The truth, *but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;*
Or crafty Malice *might pretend this praiſe,*
And think to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. *What could hurt her more?*
But thou art proof againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul *of the* Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpear *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument *without a* Tomb,
And art alive ſtill, while thy Book *doth live,*
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:

For

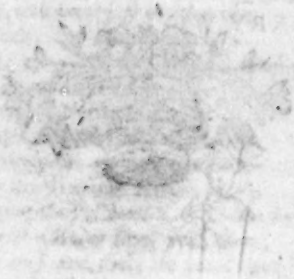
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy Peers,
And tell how far thou didſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlow's *mighty Line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin *and leſs* Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead,*
To live again, to hear thy Buſkin *tread,*
And ſhake a Stage: *Or, when thy* Socks *were on,*
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain, *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all Scenes *of* Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes, *ſtill were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warm*
Our ears, or like a Mercury *to charm!*
Nature *her ſelf was proud of his* deſignes,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his Lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lye,
As they were not of Nature's *family.*
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all: Thy* Art,
My gentle Shakeſpear, *muſt enjoy a part.*
For though the Poet's *matter* Nature *be,*
His Art *doth give the* Faſhion. *And, that he*
Who caſt to write a living line, *muſt ſweat,*
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Upon the Muſes *Anvile; turn the ſame,*
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good Poet's made, *as well as* born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Father's face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the race

Of

Of Shakeſpear's *mind and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan *of* Avon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* James!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation *there!*
Shine forth, thou Starre *of* Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy Volume's *light.*

BEN. JOHNSON.

Of



THE

WORKS

OF

Mr William Shakeſpear.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

THE TEMPEST.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of* Milan.
ANTHONIO, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honeſt old Counſellor to the King of* Naples.
ADRIAN, *and* FRANCISCO, *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jeſter.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
ARIEL, *an aiery Spirit.*

IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers,
} *Spirits in the Maſque.*

Other Spirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

Maſt. BOATSWAIN.

Boatſ. Here maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir.

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey my hearts, cheerly my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-ſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle;—blow till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatſwain have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence. What care theſe Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good: yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I love more than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon this howling ——

A cry within. *Enter* Sebaſtian, Anthonio *and* Gonzalo. they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent noiſe-maker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a hold, a hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt!

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at pray'rs? let us aſſiſt 'em. For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt raſcal—would thou might'ſt lie drowning The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.
Seb. Mercy on us! [*A confuſed noiſe within.*
We ſplit, we ſplit! farewel my wife and children,
Brother farewel: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!
Ant. Let's all ſink with the King.
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground: ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing;——the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Inchanted Iſland.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mir. If by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky it ſeems would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd:
Had I been any God of pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth or e'er
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighted ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mir. O wo the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I'm more, or better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there's no ſoul loſt;
No not ſo much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit down,
For thou muſt now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to the bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canſt, for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance?

Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r. *Mir.*

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, thou his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mir. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence,
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mir. My heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*——
I pray thee mark me, (that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle——
(Doſt thou attend me?)

Mir. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
To plaſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay or chang'd 'em
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not,

Mir. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To

To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one
Who loving an untruth, and telling't oft',
Makes ſuch a ſinner of his memory
To credit his own lie; he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, from ſubſtitution
And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Doſt thou hear, child?

Mir. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!—my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Milan!*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark th' condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a Brother?

Mir. I ſhould ſin,
To think not nobly of my grand-mother.

Pro. Good wombs have born bad ſons. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples* being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Milan*,

With

With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkneſs
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me and thy crying ſelf.

Mir. Alack for pity!
I not remembring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon's, without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

Mir. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. They durſt not,
So dear the love my people bore me, ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark,
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n;
(When I have brack'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

Mir. How came we aſhore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some

Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

Pro. Now I ariſe:
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mir. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know thou can'ſt not chuſe.
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

SCENE III. *Enter* Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure. Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk
Ariel and all his qualities.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari.

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt
The yards and bolt-ſprit would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet and join. *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. That's my brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a feaver of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt Man that leap'd; cry'd hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the Iſle:
The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs
In an odd angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ſhip
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once

Thou

Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes* *, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Whom with a charm join'd to their ſuffered labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the King's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee
Remember I have done thee worthy ſervice,
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the North,

* *This is the Spaniſh pronunciation of* Bermudas: *the account of which Iſland in Purchas's Pilgrimage is, that it was call'd* the Iſland of Devils *and* the inchanted Iſland, *theſe names being given it from the monſtrous tempeſts which there have been often ſuſtain'd. And again ſpeaking of the whole cluſter of Iſlands with which the great one is ſurrounded, he ſaith,* The Iſlands ſeem rent with tempeſts of thunder, lightning and rain, which threaten in time to devour them all.

To

To do me buſineſs in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me, ſay.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold, ſorceries too terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life. Is this not true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.
Pro. Do ſo; and after two days I'll diſcharge thee.
Ari. Oh! That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?
Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o'th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in't: hence with diligence. [*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: come on,
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on ——
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What hoa! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth thou! ſpeak.
Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay, there's other buſineſs for thee.
Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*
Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth, thou tortoiſe,

SCENE IV. *Enter* Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And blifter you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'dſt me and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that I did ſo! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own King: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;
Who any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou couldſt not, ſavage,
Shew thine own meaning, but didſt gabble like

A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou 'wert beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
I muſt obey, his art is of ſuch pow'r
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

SCENE V.

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have and kiſt;
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet ſprites the burthen bear.

[Burthen diſperſedly.

Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere,
Cry Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this Muſick be? in air, or earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waits upon
Some God o'th' Iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters

Allaying

Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With it's ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather ——but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lyes,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

SCENE VI.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſeeſt yond.

Mir. What is't, a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief (that's beauty's canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aſide.*
I ſee, as my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſs
On whom theſe ayres attend! vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt

(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mir. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes faith, and all his lords; the Duke of *Milan*
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of *Milan*
And his more braver daughter could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:——At the firſt ſight
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear you've done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word.
Mir. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.——
They're both in either's pow'r: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; *I charge thee*
[*To* Ariel.
That thou attend me, thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mir.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple.
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.
Speak you not for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, tho' not fearful.
Pro. What I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is all poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an Impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*) fooliſh wench,
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:

My

My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.

Pro. It works: come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:* follow me,
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free [*To* Ariel.
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' ſyllable.

Pro. Come follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

Gon. BESEECH you Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant
Have juſt our theam of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The adviſer will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb.

Seb. On: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer ——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord.

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet ——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrell.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Iſland ſeem to be deſart ——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible ——

Seb. Yet, ——

Adr. Yet ——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit ——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes, being rather new dy'd than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never graced before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments ſeem now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido.*

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for coming thence
My ſon is loſt, and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide; and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoll'n that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *African*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us: and the fair ſoul her ſelf
Weigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon
I fear for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

Gon.

Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs
And th' time you ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I the planting of this Iſle, my lord——
Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the King of it, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Borne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olives, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.
Seb. And yet he would be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the golden age.
Seb. Save his Majeſty!
Ant. Long live *Gonzalo*!

Gon.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

[*Enter* Ariel *playing ſolemn muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh mine eyes
Would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.

[*All ſleep but* Seb. *and* Ant.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,

They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might?
Worthy *Sebaſtian* —— O, what might? —— no more.
And yet methinks I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and ſurely
It is a ſleepy language, and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep, die rather; wink'ſt
Whilſt thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo, if you heed me; which to do,
Troubles thee not.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it! how in ſtripping it
You more inveſt it! ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.
Ant. Why then thus Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſuaded

(For

(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But drops diſcovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no * Note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i'th' moon's too ſlow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act
Whereof what's paſt is prologue, what to come
Is yours and my diſcharge ——
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhalt thou, *Claribel*,
Meaſure it back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps: lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,

* *No advices by letter.*

As this *Gonzalo*; I myſelf could make
A Chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſp'ro*.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments ſit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences that ſtood 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd were they, wou'd melt ere they moleſted.
Here lyes your brother——
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedience ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.
Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt,
And I the King ſhall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
Seb. But one word.

Enter

Enter Ariel *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep you living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lye,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King!
[*They wake.*

Alon. Why how now ho? awake! why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he's ſure i'th' Iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Proſp'ro* my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſp'rit of his now to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i'th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pail-fulls ——What have we here, a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, *Poor John:* a ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holyday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gabardine: there is no other ſhelter

hereabout; miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

SCENE III. *Enter* Stephano *ſinging.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore.* This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, Marrian *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a Tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſalvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not 'ſcap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breaths at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in a fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I cannot aſk too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by my trembling: now *Proſper* works upon me.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to a Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be——but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! his forward voice now is to ſpeak of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen!* I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo*'s?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gabardine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon

a

a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd o'er-board; by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then: how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o'th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the man i'th' moon? a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o'th' Iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter? when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. —— But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck the berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-malls from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter!

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom, freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Cave.* *Enter* Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

Fer. THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious, but
The miſtreſs which I ſerve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed:
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,

Upon

Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had never like executor; I forget,
Nay, theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Leaſt buſie when I do it.

Enter Miranda, *and* Proſpero *at a diſtance unſeen.*

Mir. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs that you're enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy, pray now reſt yourſelf,
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mir. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it,
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art
Infected, and this viſitation ſhews it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble miſtreſs, 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt, to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's deareſt to the world: full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time

Th'

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſev'ral virtues
Have I lik'd ſev'ral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Mir. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad
I'm ſkilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught elſe i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace

On

On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give, and much leſs take
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My huſband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart ſo willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet ere ſupper-time muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano *and* Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em; ſervant monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant monſter! the folly of this Iſland! they ſay there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack; for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on;

by this light thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou debosh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree —— the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this Iſle.

From

From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dares not;

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve *thee.*

Ste. How ſhall this be compaſt? canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch!
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and by this hand I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do'I ſo? take thou that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do: a murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale; pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them

He's but a ſot, as I am; and hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, for ſo he calls them,
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck't withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and her;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy likeneſs; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgive me my ſins!

Ste.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, *Stephano.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes again.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders: by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with wearineſs
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatt'rer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
[*Aſide to* Seb.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch Vigilance
As when they're freſh.
Seb. I ſay to-night: no more.
Solemn and ſtrange Muſick, and Proſpero *on the top inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*
Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what are theſe?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For certes theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. 'Tis no matter, ſince

They've

They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Ant. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find
Each * putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

SCENE IV. *Thunder and lightning.*
Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a queint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools, I and my fellows
[*They draw their ſwords.*
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of which your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,

* *It was a cuſtom heretofore for people upon their going forth to travel to put out ſums of money upon contracts to receive the ſame back with increaſe upon their return: which increaſe bore a proportion to the length and danger of the voyages they undertook; and upon thoſe which were very long and very hazardous it ſometimes roſe to 500 per cent.*
See Ben. Johnſon. *Every man out of his humour. Act* 1. *Sc.* 3.
See alſo Moriſon's *Itinerary. Part* 1. *p.* 198.

(For

(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero:*
Expos'd unto the ſea, (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe fall
Upon your heads, there's nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, who, they ſuppoſe, is drown'd,
And his and my lov'd darling.

Gon. I'th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i'th' oöze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſp'rate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſie
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Cave.* *Enter* Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here afore heav'n
I ratifie this my rich gift: *Ferdinand,*
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamp ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now: the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion

Our

Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Moſt fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*.

SCENE II. *Enter* Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, Come and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good-night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white, cold virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel*, bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit, appear, and pertly.
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Maſque. Enter* Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads, with thatch'd ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy brown groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy ſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o'th' ſky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe, and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place [Juno *deſcends.*
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
My boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down.
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the Queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky *Dis* my daughter got;
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done

Some

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
(Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted) but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue. [*They ſing.*

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage bleſſing,*
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you,
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you.*

Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,*
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt:
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charming lay; may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits which by mine art
I have from all their confines call'd, t'enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Now ſilence, ſweet!
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on imployment.*

Iris. You nymphs call'd *Nayads* of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,

Leave

Leave your criſp channels, and on this green-land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. Why, you do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort:
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of their viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a track behind. We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk

To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh you peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee, *Ariel:* come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit!
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres,*
I thought to have to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. But, ſay again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which like unbackt colts they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering apparel,* &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell. *Ste.*

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than play'd the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you ——

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good, good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool ——

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er head and ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!*
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſie drown this fool! what do you mean
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let it alone,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jer-

kin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do; do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded while I am King of this country: *ſteal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes,
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions, ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-ſpotted make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Proſpero *in his magick robes, and* Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari.

Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge,
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
He that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: go releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak miniſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let 'em forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly muſick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes that
This airy charm is for) I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel *before*; *then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd*; *which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks:*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. ——
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops —— the charm diſſolves apace,
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. —— Moſt cruelly

Didſt

Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*.——Fleſh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.——*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lye:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun-ſet merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo.
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Lo, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body,

And

And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle, to abuſe me
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats as of fleſh and blood, and ſince I ſaw thee
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(An if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o'th' Iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtifie you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.

Pro. For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
[*To* Anthonio.
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro.

Pro. I rather think
You have not ſought her help, of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt my ſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, inſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my only daughter.

Alon. Only daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wiſh
My ſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lyes. When did you looſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon, and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*, who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE IV.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at cheſs.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play. *Alon.*

Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the Iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle!

Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cauſe.

Alon. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

Mir. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But by immortal providence ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But oh! how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?

Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I ſay *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue

Should

Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her huſband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand* her brother found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom
In a poor Iſle; and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [*To* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be't ſo, *Amen!*

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy!
That ſwar'ſt grace o'er-board, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:
Where we in all her trim freſhly beheld
Our royal good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,

Ev'n

Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
As there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free;
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monſter, *Coragio.*

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha; what things are theſe, my lord *Anthonio?*
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay if they be true: this miſ-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil

(For

(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own, this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: but how? where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been
In ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That, I fear me, will ne'er out of my bones:
I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not:
I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be
King o'th' iſle, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one.

Alon. This is a ſtrange thing as I ever look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your train
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*,

Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious it ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now 'tis true
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
EGEUS, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
LYSANDER, *in love with* Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, *in love with* Hermia.
QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
SNUG, *the Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*
FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*
SNOWT, *the Tinker.*
STARVELING, *the Taylor.*
PHILOSTRATE, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
HIPPOLITA, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
HERMIA, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
HELENA, *in love with* Demetrius.

ATTENDANTS.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or* ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARDSEED,
} *Fairies.*
Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ATHENS.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with attendants.*

The. NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* Phil.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander. And, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigned love,
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats, (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs. And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, *Hermia*? be adviſ'd, fair maid,
To you your father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyſander*.

The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me;
I know not by what pow'r I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modeſty

In

In ſuch a preſence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, not yielding to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt
For aye auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*, and, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate upon *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his;

My fortunes ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius'* :
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right ?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoul ; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t' have ſpoke thereof ;
But being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come,
And come, *Egeus* ; you ſhall go with me ;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my *Hippolita* ; what cheer, my love ?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along ;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Manent* Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. How now, my love ? why is your cheek ſo pale ?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt ?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lyſ. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood ——

Her. O croſs! too high, to be enthrall'd to love !

Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years ——

Her. O ſpight ! too old, to be engag'd to young !

Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends ——

Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!

Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our tryal patience;
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*:
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

SCENE III. *Enter* Helena.

Her. God ſpeed fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo,
Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'd give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. Oh that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His fault, oh *Helena*, is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet;
There my *Lyſander* and myſelf ſhall meet,

And

And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*, we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight. [*Ex.* Her.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſander.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte.
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is

is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in. To make all *ſplit the raging rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-gates* —— *and* Phibbus *carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the fooliſh fates* * —— This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thiſby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thiſby*, a wandring knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay faith let not me play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſby, Thiſby*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thiſby* dear, and lady dear.

* *This was probably a piece of nonſenſical bombaſt taken out of ſome fooliſh play known at that time.*

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thiſby*'s mother. *Tom Snowt* the tinker.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; myſelf, *Thiſby*'s father; *Snug* the joiner, you, the lion's part; I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too, I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French*-crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French*-crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in

the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bowſtrings *. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *The wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck *(or* Robin-goodfellow*) at another.*

Puck. HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here and there,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy ſtol'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.

* *A proverbial phraſe ſignifying*, without fail, *or*, in all events.

And

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife churn;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barme,
Miſ-lead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. The ſame, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted * crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon.*

Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would that he were gone!

SCENE II. *Enter* Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania.*

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon?* fairies, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton, am not I thy lord?

* Crab apple.

Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India?*
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon,*
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs and your warrior Love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania,*
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita,*
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigyné,* whom he raviſhed,
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne,* and *Antiopa?*

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie:
And never ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter cheer,
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,

Pale

Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyem*'s chin and icy crown
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world
By their inverſe now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders of the flood,
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I do rear up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theſeus*' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away!
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove
'Till I torment thee for this injury—
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's back
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair * Veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it on her eyes:

* *A compliment to* Queen Elizabeth: *as it ſeems probable that* Mary *Queen of* Scots *was pointed at in the preceding ſpeech of* Oberon.

The

The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or medling monkey, or on buſie ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

SCENE III. *Enter* Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me they were ſtol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you I do not and I cannot love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel, and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,

And

And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin, the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxſlip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs, from dances and delight;

And

And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
There with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon his love;
And look you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.*

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats: and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſports. Come, ſing me now aſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen,
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel, *with melody,* &c. 1 Fairy.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One aloof ſtand Centinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter Oberon, *and anoints her eye-lids.*

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye what ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*, for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.

Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference;
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath,
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd!
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſie
Lye further off, in human modeſty;
Such ſeparation as may well be ſaid
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid;
So far be diſtant, and good night, ſweet friend,
Thy love ne'er alter till thy ſweet life end!

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, ſay I,
And then end life when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſt!
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid:
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this kill-courteſie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius!*
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay on thy peril, I alone will go. [*Exit* Dem.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lyes;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.

What

What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good, Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword?
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia?* lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia?* no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd,
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I being young 'till now not ripe to reaſon,
And touching now the point of human ſkill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good ſooth you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia* ſleep thou there,
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;

For

For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to a ſtomach brings;
Or as the hereſies that men do leave
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſie,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And, all my pow'rs, addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, help me, do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how do I quake with fear?
Me-thought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what, remov'd? *Lyſander*, lord!
What, out of hearing, gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Or death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt *and* Starveling.
The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Bot. ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snowt. By'rlaken, a parlous fear!

Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well;

write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus* but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snowt. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another prologue muſt tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus or to the ſame defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay he comes to diſfigure or to preſent the perſon of Moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for

Pyramus

Pyramus and *Thiſby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall, and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake, and ſo every one according to his cue.

SCENE II. *Enter* Puck.

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thiſby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thiſby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours ſavours ſweet,
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* dear:
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aſide.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay marry muſt you; for you muſt underſtand he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt briſkly *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man? why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter, your cue is paſt; it is *never tire.*

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Bottom *with an Aſs's head.*

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thiſby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters, fly, maſters, help. [*The Clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee, thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*
The Ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer nay.
For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, tho' he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again,
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,

And

And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblоſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed!*

SCENE III. *Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I, where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes,
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily, I beſeech your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſeblоſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſecod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſeblоſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your parentage well: that ſame cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weeps ev'ry little flower
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter King of Fairies* ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now, mad ſprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-ſkull of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,

An

An Aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
Anon his *Thiſby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves and madly ſweep the ſky;
So at his ſight away his fellows fly,
And at our ſtamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some ſleeves, ſome hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an Aſs.

Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet lech'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That, when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

SCENE V. *Enter* Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe,
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe:
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as ſoon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſeaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.

It cannot be but thou haſt murther'd him,
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright and clear
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lyes down.*

SCENE VI.

Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd falſe, not a falſe turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; for one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob.

Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* ſee thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer,
With ſighs of love that coſt the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, maſter, how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye, [*Anoints* Demetrius's *eyes.*
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky,
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth miſtook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and, vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh holy fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;

Your

Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* ſnow
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind turns to a crow
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This pureneſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in flouts to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:
To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of noble ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My

My heart to her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,

Like

Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem;
Or with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt *, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our *ſex* as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. Helen, I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport well carried ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena*.

* *A term uſed in blazoning, when two Coats of Arms are quartered together, and the ſecond is the ſame as the firſt.*

Hel.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot intreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat.
Thy threats have no more ſtrength than her weak pray'rs.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*
Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
To break away, take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine; hated poiſon, hence!
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What greater harm can you do me than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now as I was ere-while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet ſince night you left me:
Why then you left me — (O the gods forbid!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life,
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,

That I do hate thee and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler, oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why ſo? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardiſe:
Let her not ſtrike me. You perhaps may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth into the wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel.

Hel. A fooliſh heart that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander?*
Hel. With *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe will not harm thee, *Helena.*
Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minim*, you of hind'ring knot-graſs made,
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena.*
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.
[*Exe.* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. [*Exe.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;

And ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander* ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls roul with wonted ſight
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach ghoſts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort,
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter the groves may tread,
Ey'n 'till the eaſtern gate all fiery red,

Opening

Opening on *Neptune* with far-bleſſing beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down then, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? ſpeak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in, ſome buſh, where thou doſt hide thy head.

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant, come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod, he is defil'd
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. [*Exe.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why then com'ſt thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company! [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three here? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe cometh, curſt and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires:
Here will I reſt me 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the ground, ſleep thou ſound;
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wakeſt next, thou takeſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former lady's eye,
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit* Puck.]
[*They ſleep.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

Queen. COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek-ſmooth'd head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblooſom.* Where's monſieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle, and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed.*

Muſ. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neaſe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed:* pray you, leave your curteſie, good monſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick, let us have the tongs and the bones.

Muſick. Tongs, rural muſick.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me, I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be a while away:
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet hony-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt, the female ivy ſo
Enring, the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers,
And that ſame dew which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queen.

Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's *bud, o'er* Cupid's *flower,*
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.

Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an aſs.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this viſage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head,
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.

Queen. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to-morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all far poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded with *Theſeus* all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground.

[*Sleepers lye ſtill.*

[*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation * is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.

* *Meaning the obſervance of the time preſcribed for their nuptials.*

We

We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly:*
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius*,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The Rite of *May*, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and they awake. Shout within, they all ſtart up.

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,

Half

Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet I ſwear
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do methink me, ſo it is:
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might
Be without peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy follow'd me:
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
Yet as in health come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon,
Egeus, I will over-bear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, my *Hippolita*. [*Exeunt Duke and lords.*

Dem.

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius*, a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid us to follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[Bottom *wakes.*

SCENE III.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus*——hey ho, *Peter Quince! Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snowt* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtol'n hence, and left me aſleep. I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had——But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of the play before the Duke: peradventure to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after death.

SCENE IV. *ATHENS.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flute.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man in all *Athens* able to diſcharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens.*

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay, paragon; a paramour is (God bleſs us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a-day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but aſk me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian.* I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps, meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: in any caſe let *Thiſby* have clean linnen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away, go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

Hip. 'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy:
So in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
Be't howſoever ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now, what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play

To

To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. Here, mighty *Theſeus*, here.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many ſports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.

The. *The battel with the Centaurs, to be ſung* [Reads.
By an Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*
We'll none of that. That have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The riot of the tipſie Bacchanals, [Reads.
Tearing the Thracian *ſinger in their rage.*
That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death [Reads.
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatyr keen and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus, [Reads.
And his love Thiſbe; *very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot ice, and wond'rous ſcorching ſnow;
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Phil. A play it is, my lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw't rehears'd, I muſt confeſs
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [*Ex.* Phil.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor willing duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in concluſion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.

The. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Quince *for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end. Conſider

Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is: all for your delight,
We are not here: that you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand;—— and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thiſbe, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lion, *in dumb ſhow.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, 'till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, *Thiſby* is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This grizly beaſt, which *Lion* hight by name,
The truſty *Thiſby*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thiſby*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his bloody boiling breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,

Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

The. I wonder if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame interlude it doth befal,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a Wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

The. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thiſby*'s promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no *Thiſby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thiſby*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink,
To ſpy an I can hear my *Thiſby*'s face.
Thiſby!
Thiſ. My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, 'till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*
The. Now is the mure all down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to rear, without warning.
Hip. This is the ſilliеſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.
The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moon-ſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True, and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon:

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns upon his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:
My ſelf the man i'th' moon doth ſeem to be.

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change!

The. It appears by this ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But ſilence; here comes *Thiſbe.*

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh. Ho. Ho.— [*The* Lion *roars*, Thiſbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

The. Well run, *Thiſbe.*

Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon.*
Truly the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mouth'd, *Lion.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thiſby*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O deer!
Thy mantle good;
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Tbe. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*.
Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky,
Tongue, loſe thy light, moon, take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die,

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Tbe. With the help of a ſurgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-ſhine* is gone, before *Thiſbe* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thiſbe.

Tbe. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip.

Hip. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus* which *Thiſbe* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet*.

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſheers this thread of ſilk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel, friends,
Thus *Thiſby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Tbe. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomaſk dance, between two of our company?

Tbe. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thiſbe*'s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomaſk; let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf be-howls the moon:
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their train.*

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fire,
Every elf and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

The

The SONG.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray.*
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of't be bleſt.
Trip away then, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call.
So, good night unto you all!
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTHEUS, }
ANTHONIO, *Father to* Protheus.
THURIO, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
EGLAMORE, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*
HOST, *where* Julia *lodges.*
OUT-LAWS *with* Valentine.
SPEED, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *the like to* Protheus.
PANTHION, *Servant to* Anthonio.

JULIA, *beloved of* Protheus.
SILVIA, *beloved of* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

The SCENE *ſometimes in* Verona, *ſometimes in* Milan, *and towards the latter end on the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE

* THE TWO Gentlemen of *Verona*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VERONA.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

Val. CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
We'rt not affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Ev'n as I would when I to love begin!

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs?

* *It may very well be doubted whether* Shakeſpear *had any other hand in this play than the cultivating it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſh'd, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt.*

Pro. Upon ſome book I love I'll pray for thee. *

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps an hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed,——

Pro. So by your circumſtance you call me fool.

Val. So by your circumſtance I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe

* ------ I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, *&c.*

Betideth

Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*

Val. As much to you at home; and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I leave my ſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

SCENE II. *Enter* Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you, Sir, my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence t'embark for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already.
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance:

Pro. It ſhall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ.*

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a loſt-mutton, gave your letter to

her, a lac'd mutton *; and ſhe a lac'd-mutton, gave me, a loſt-mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. She nodded and ſaid, I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod:
And you aſk me if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, ay.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the mony and the matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

* Lac'd mutton *is a phraſe anciently uſed for* a lady of pleaſure.

Speed.

Speed. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains: To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you have teſter'd me: In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your ſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck, Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard, Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore. I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger: I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines, Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* Julia's *chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone, Wouldſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen That ev'ry day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind, According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat and fine; But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame That I, unworthy body as I am, Should cenſure paſs on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus* as on all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon; I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.

Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.

Jul.

Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire that's cloſeſt kept burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, Madam.
Jul. *To Julia*; ſay from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Pro-*
He would have giv'n it you, but I being by [*theus.*
Did in your name receive it; pardon me.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids in modeſty ſay no to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue ay.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently all humbled kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

Luc. That I might ſing it, Madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.

Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible;
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O love.*

Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

Jul. Heavy; belike it hath ſome burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:—why, how now, minion?
[*Gives her a box on the ear.*

Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like the tune.

Jul. You do not.

Luc. No, Madam, it is too ſharp.

Jul. You are too ſawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.

Luc. Indeed I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*

Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*

Go,

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would beſt be pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ, *kind* Julia; unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away:
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye for catching cold.

Jul. I ſee you have a month's mind to them, minion!

Luc. Ay, Madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:

I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of his time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time;
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and turnaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exerciſe
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou adviſ'd;
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;

Ev'n

Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to-morrow thou muſt go.

Com-

Come on, *Panthion*; you ſhall be imploy'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Pant.
Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth well
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha? let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia!*
Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, Sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.
Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*
Speed. She that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content, to reliſh a love-ſong like a *Robin-red-breaſt*, to

walk alone like one that had the peſtilence, to ſigh like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A B C*, to weep like a young wench that had loſt her grandam, to faſt like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to ſpeak puling like a beggar at *Hallowmaſs*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of mony: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: But you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed.

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give you good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, Madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, Madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it; yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. Oh jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible, as a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
Oh excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. Hownow, Sir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your ſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed.

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind diſcover,
Her ſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Verona.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia.*

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel. What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept her ſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe is my father; no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan* our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf, and I am me: ay, the dog is the dog, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; father, your bleſſing! now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother; oh that the ſhoe could ſpeak now like an ould woman! well, I kiſs her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt tide that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice,—why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In my tail?

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide; why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to* Milan.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Miſtreſs.

Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you. *Thu.*

Thu. What ſeem I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon.*

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Your ſelf, ſweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

SCENE V. *Enter the* Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Athonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To

To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as my ſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' my ſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time awhile.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyſhip
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her chryſtal looks.
Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay ſure I think ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.
Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind; and being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu.

Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus:* miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm this welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo but your ſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure; come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Sil. *and* Thu.

SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love,

Whoſe

Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's-ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, any joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro.

Pro. Why then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own.
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſie.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend upon you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eyne, or *Valentino*'s praiſe?
Her true perfection or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me reaſonleſs to reaſon thus?
She's fair, and ſo is *Julia* that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.

How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled ſo my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honeſty, welcome to *Milan*.

Laun. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone 'till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place 'till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the alehouſe with you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her *.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay ay, it will; if he ſay no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

* ... it ſtands well with her.
Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.
Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff unde ſtands me.
Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?
Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean and my ſtaff underſtands me.
Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.
Laun. Why, ſtand under, and underſtand, is all one.
Speed. But tell me true, &c.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo; but, *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian:* wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn:
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn:
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſov'reignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirmed oths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf:

I

If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, myſelf, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window,
Myſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight:
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *Verona.* *Enter* Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me,
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly:
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,

By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extreameſt rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th'enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtick may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my lord,
What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, *Lucetta*.
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure meſſengers ſent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo when you come to him!

Jul. Now as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love by loving him,
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Only in lieu thereof diſpatch me hence.
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene changes to Milan. *Enter* Duke, Thurio *and* Protheus.

Duke. SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Ex.* Thu.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyſelf hath now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.

But,

But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming. [*Ex.* Pro.

SCENE II. *Enter* Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio* to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and ſure the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me, ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And I may ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dowry;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in *Milan* here
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. [*Pulls off his cloak.*
What letter is this ſame? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [Duke *reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my ſervants fortune:
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I infranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* ſon,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe-intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.

But

But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heav'n, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,
And *Silvia* is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her
Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale:
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!——
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head but 'tis a *Valentine.*
Pro. *Valentine!*
Val. No.
Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?

Laun.

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you,——

Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia*:
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me:
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offered to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff, walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thy ſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one kind of knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell my ſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid and ſerves for wages: ſhe hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no more, nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun.

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard Virtues*, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a break-faſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. Oh villain! that ſet down among her vices! to be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will, for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit; it may be I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible ——

Speed. What then?

Laun.

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter; an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, at rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And alſo I do think thou art not ignorant

How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardiſe and poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay this wean her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſie.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moiſt it again, and frame ſome feeling line
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poets ſinews,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deeps, and dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick;
I have a ſonnet that will ſerve the turn
To give the onſet to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after ſupper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.
Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Foreſt. Enter certain Out-laws.*

1 *Out.* FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains that all the travellers fear so much.

Val. My friends, ——

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little left to lose:
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
My ſelf was from *Verona* baniſh'd,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom in my mood I ſtabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore above the reſt we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live as we do in the wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dy'ſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women or poor paſſengers.

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.

When

When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake,

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

SCENE III. *Enter Hoſt, and* Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks you're melancholy: I pray, what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wiſe is ſhe,
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is

Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark what fine change is in the muſick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exe.* Thu. *and Muſick.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Enter* Silvia *above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale Queen of night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady,
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives, to whom, even thy ſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thy ſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo
Obdurate, oh! vouchſafe me yet your picture,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To

To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceive it.
And make it but a ſhadow as I am.

Sil. I'm very loth to be your idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn. [*Exe.* Pro. *and* Sil.

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lyes Sir *Protheus?*

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavy one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam!

Enter Silvia *above.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your ſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I ſwear I do not,)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhors.

Thy

Thy ſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did come ſo near unto thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where
Shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Launce, *with his dog.*

Launc. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia*,

from

from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays a third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth *I*, you mean to whip the dog? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtol'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

SCENE VII. *Enter* Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well.
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently,

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whore-ſon pe-
Where have you been theſe two days loitering? [ſant,

Launc. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Launc. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur, and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No indeed ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'ſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other, *Squirrel*, was ſtol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that ev'ry day turns me to ſhame. [*Exit* Laun.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs;
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt:)
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuſe
But pity her.

Pro. Why ſhouldſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe methinks if ſhe loves you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*;
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You doat on her that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.

Your

Your meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* Pro.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traytor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my maſter Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this; tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.

Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines,
I know they're ſtufft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air bath ſtarv'd the roſes in her checks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown,
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,

For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* paſſioning
For *Theſeus'* perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep myſelf to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is a purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her. [*Ex.* Sil.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects his miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſainted in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out thy unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene continues in Milan. *Enter* Eglamour.

Egl. THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening!

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abby-wall;
I fear I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Thurio, Protheus *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I diſcourſe of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardiſe.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto the peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s cell this ev'n, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Foreſt. *Enter* Silvia *and* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to th' weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſly.

Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here I can ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs,
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hollowing and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you,
(Tho' you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this I'm ſure you cannot give.

Val.

Val. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miſerable unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide*
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
Oh heav'n, be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, for ever prov'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury to deceive me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force ye.
Sil. Oh heav'n!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. Valentine!

Val.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Proteus*,
I'm ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n nor earth, for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia* I give thee. *

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy? how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

* This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this Play did not proceed from *Shakeſpear*: for it is impoſſible He could make *Valentine* act and ſpeak ſo much out of character; or give to *Silvia* ſo unnatural a behaviour as to take no notice of this ſtrange declaration if it had been made.

Pro.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Jul. And *Julia* her ſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* her ſelf hath brought it hither.
Pro. How, *Julia*?
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root on't?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh:
Be thou aſham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment, if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love;
It is the leſſer blot modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heav'n, I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V. *Enter* Duke, Thurio, *and* Out-laws.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. *Thurio*, give back; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine;——but once again,
And *Milan* ſhall not hold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I
hold him but a fool that will endanger

His

His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will conclude all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all ſolemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your love diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

THE MERRY WIVES OF *WINDSOR.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

SHALLOW, *a Country Juſtice.*

SLENDER, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*

Mr. PAGE, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. FORD, }

Sir HUGH EVANS, *a* Welch *Parſon.*

Dr. CAIUS, *a* French *Doctor.*

HOST OF THE GARTER, *a merry talking Fellow.*

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.
NYM, }

ROBIN, *Page to* Falſtaff.

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.

SIMPLE, *Servant to* Slender.

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. PAGE, *Wife to Mr.* Page.

Mrs. FORD, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

Mrs. ANNE PAGE, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in love with* Fenton.

Mrs. QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE *Windſor.*

THE

* THE Merry Wives of WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *before* Page's *Houſe in* Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Shal. SIR *Hugh*, perſwade me not; I will make a *Star-chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of *Glouceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

* *This Play was written in the Author's beſt and ripeſt years, after* Henry *the Fourth, by the command of Queen* Elizabeth. *There is a tradition that it was compoſed at a fortnight's warning. But that muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old Quarto edition, printed in* 1619. *This which we here have, was alter'd and improv'd by the Author almoſt in every ſpeech.*

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword that end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grand-fire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibility, is goot gifts.

Shal.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page*: is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight Sir *John* is there; and I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page*. What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

SCENE II. *Enter Mr.* Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's bleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca*, *pauca*: ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*, *fidelicet* maſter *Page*; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet* myſelf; and the third party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcretions as we can.

Fal. Piſtol!

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe, of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*; by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol*?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir *John*, and maſter mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy *Labras* here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the * nuthooks-humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the Ignorance is?

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

* *Nuthook* was a word of reproach in the vulgar way and in the cant-ſtrain. In the ſecond part of *Hen.* 4. *Dol Tearſheet* ſays to the Bedle, *Nuthook, Nuthook! you lie.* Probably it was a name given to a Bayliff or Catchpole, very odious to the common people.

Slen.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs. [*Exe.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

SCENE IV. *Manent* Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here. [*Enter* Simple.] How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon *Allhollowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Martlemas?*

Shal. Come, coz, come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me: he's a Juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal.

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do is to pleaſure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer, ſave the faul' is in the' ort *diſſolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

SCENE V. *Enter miſtriſs* Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne*: wou'd I were young for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne*.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the Grace.

[*Exe.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forſooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forſooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin *Shallow*: a Juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor gentleman born.

Anne.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriekt at it, that it paſt*: but women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I chuſe to eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

* *It paſt*, and *This paſſes* was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore to ſignify the *exceſs* or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence compleated would be, *It paſt* or *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps (according to a vulgar phraſe ſtill in uſe) *It paſt* or *This paſſes all things, is beyond all things*. The participle of the ſame verb is ſtill in common uſe and in the ſame ſenſe: *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Re-enter* Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of doctor *Caius'* houſe which is the way; and there dwells one miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſollicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs *Anne Page:* I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the garter!

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſired: I will thrive. [*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his theſts were too open, his filching was like an unſkilful ſinger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt cony-catch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol:* indeed I am in the waiſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John *Falſtaff*'s.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious oiellades; ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Eſcheator to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt* Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this

this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to miſtreſs *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe letters rightly, [*To* Robin.
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go!
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues, my ſelf and ſkirted Page.
[*Ex.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

SCENE VIII.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd and *Fulhams*
And high and low beguile the rich and poor. [hold,
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her ſtar.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcloſe the humour of this love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon, I will poſſeſs him with jealouſies, for this revolt of mine is dangerous: that's my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IX. *Changes to Dr.* Caius's *houſe.*

Enter miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the

houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal, and I warrant you no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worſt fault is that he is given to pray'r, he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Simp. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a cane-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I ſay; go, *John*, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Singing.*

SCENE X. *Enter Doctor* Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am

I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en vais a la Cour——la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon* pocket, *Depêch* quickly: ver is dat knave *Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: odds me! *Que ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Laron! Rugby*, my rapier.

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verfore ſhould I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, ſpeak-a your tale.

Simp. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, indeed not I.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby, baillez* me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter

what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de parke, and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make—you may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a for dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar I vill kill the jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarter* to meaſure our weapon; by gar I vill my ſelf have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what the goujeres!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the court vith me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; follow my heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I can with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

SCENE XI. *Enter Mr.* Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne*?

Quic.

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quin. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you: have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart; I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company: but indeed ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you—Well—go to—

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay faith that I will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worſhip. Truly an honeſt gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page *with a letter.*

Mrs. *Page.* WHAT, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee:

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for tho' love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, *at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe: but I ſay, love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant? what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth; heav'n forgive me, why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of Mum *; how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs.* Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

* A fattening liquor much in uſe among the *Flemings*, as ſhe had call'd him a *Flemiſh Drunkard* a few lines before: and it is to be obſerv'd that about the time when this play was written there were on foot ſeveral bills in Parliament for reſtraining the uſe of ſtrong liquors, ſuppreſſing the multitude of maltſters, and the great brewing of ſtrong beer, and regulating Inns, Taverns, and Alehouſes.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oyl in his belly, a'ſhore at *Windſor?* how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantеſs, and lye under mount *Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtain in me, that I knew not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine hoſt of the garter.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſie as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither.

SCENE III.

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a cur-tail-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with a Ring-wood at thy heels — — O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away; Sir corporal *Nym* — —
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu. [*Exit* Nym. *Page.* } *Speaking to* Page.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affected rogue.

Ford. If I do find it——well!

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well!

SCENE IV.

Page. How now, *Meg?* [Page *and* Ford *meeting their wives.*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quic.

SCENE V.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think the Knight would offer it; but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives are a yoak of his diſcarded men, very rogues now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page.

Page. Ay marry does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage toward my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting hoſt of the garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine hoſt?

SCENE VI. *Enter* Hoſt *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page.* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully *Rock.*

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* Prieſt, and *Caius* the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o'th' garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook.* It is a merry Knight. Will you go, myn-heers?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir; I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's, and I know

know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather have them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe, and what made them there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff*: if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The* Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow *Nym*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when miſtreſs *Bridget* loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a ſhort knife, and a thong, to your manor of *Pick-hatch* *; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue; you ſtand upon your honour? why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconſe your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice

* A noted harbour for thieves and pick-pockets.

phraſes,

phraſes, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heav'n bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worſhip's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray ——

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, miſtreſs *Ford* ——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk, and ſo ruſtling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant

alligant terms, and ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: maſter *Ford*, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip; miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning and evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip that her huſband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely I think you have charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife and *Page*'s wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! but miſtreſs *Page*

would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me. [*Ex.* Quic. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with yond' frigat;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit* Piſt.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; ſuch * *Brooks* are welcome to me that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs *Ford* and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

* Edit. of 1619. In all the ſucceeding editions this name of *Brook* is altered to *Broom*: whereas it is manifeſt from this conceit upon the name, that it ſhould be *Brook*.

Enter

Enter Ford *diſguis'd.*

Ford. 'Bleſs you, Sir!

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bard.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook.*

Fal. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter *Brook*, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good means as deſire to make myſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you wherein muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating obſervance, engroſs'd opportunities to meet her, fee'd every

ſight occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſu'd her as love hath purſu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am ſure I have received none, unleſs experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this;

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Lord*'s wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the

the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay the jealous wittoly knave hath maſſes of mony, for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckold-rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife: Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold; come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman; my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong; terms! names! *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but *cuckold*, *wittol*, *cuckold!* the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs, he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealouſy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too ſoon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Windſor-Park.*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. *Jack Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promiſed to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come; by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee ſoigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* Is he dead, my *Franciſco?* ha, bully? what ſays my *Eſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack*-prieſt of de varld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Cardalion* *, *king Urinal*, *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear witneſs dat me have ſtay from ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. *Page.*

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow.*

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page.* Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

* He means to ſay *Cœur de lion.*

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; ah! monſieur mock-water!

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully; but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; but ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woo her, cock o' th' game; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore *near* Windſor. *Enter* Evans *and* Simple.

Evans. I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt vehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul! [*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By ſhallow —— 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls — when as I ſat in Pabilon; — and a thouſand vragrant poſies. — By ſhadow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls* — Heav'n proſper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

SCENE II. *Enter* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh.* Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page!*

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Eva. Got's will and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave beſides, a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!*

SCENE III. *Enter* Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo by his weapons: keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a vord vith your ear: verfore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other men's humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about

about your knave's cogs-comb for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine hoſt *de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine hoſt of the garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Wallia*, *French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?* ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, celeſtial, ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!* [*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtock. I deſire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the hoſt of the garter.

Caius. By gar, vith all my heart; he promiſe to bring me ver is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob.

Rob. I had rather forſooth go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now I ſee you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company; I think if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick 'till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

SCENE V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage, and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind! and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for

for this than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

SCENE VI. *To him, Enter* Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a me: my nurſh-a *Quickly* tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: the gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. *Page*, and you, Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well: we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-wine firſt with him,

I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a baſket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John!* what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant. What, *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this baſket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet*-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy maſter I am alone; miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity,

midity, this groſs watry pumpion, — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition; O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John!*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford*: now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy huſband were dead, I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your lady, Sir *John?* alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant *, or any tire of *Venetian* addition.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo; thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou art; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-Berry* in ſimpling-time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love miſtreſs *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

* 'Tis probable this ſhould be *tire-volant* or *voilant*, and that both this and the *ſhip-tire* were names given to women's head-dreſſes by the *Venetians* from whom the fine Ladies heretofore took their faſhions, as the lace then moſt in eſteem was the *Point de Venice*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will inſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.

SCENE IX. *Enter Miſtreſs* Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you; how am I miſtook in you!

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not ſo that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of

of ſome conveyance; in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me! look, here is a baſket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What, Sir *John Falſtaff?* are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never — [*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go, take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look how you drumble: carry them to the laundreſs in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X. *Enter* Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck, ay buck: I warrant you buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night. I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt; ſo, now uncouple.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page.* Up, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France* —

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Manent Miſtreſs* Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in when your husband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here: I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion miſtreſs *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do yourſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit,

ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page:* I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a 'omans as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lowſie knave mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, vith all my heart.

Eva. A lowſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to* Page's *houſe.*

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!

Albeit

Albeit I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my father's love, ſtill ſeek it, Sir:
If importunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then — hark you hither —

[*They go apart.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'ſlid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glocesterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter *Slender.*

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? odd's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may aſk your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV. *Enter* Page *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender:* love him, daughter *Anne.*
—Why, how now? what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I tell you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter *Fenton.*
Come, maſter *Shallow*; come, ſon *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton.*
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page.*

Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not yourſelf, good maſter *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan.*

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, or a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quic. Now heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it! [*Exit.*

SCENE XV. *The Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Ex.* Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know by my ſize that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy. [*Enter* Bard.] — Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI. *Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices: go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford*.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII. *Enter* Ford.

Ford. 'Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir! did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and forſooth to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins, that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmells that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook*; I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the

the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna* as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you ſhall have her, maſter *Brook*; maſter *Brook*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter *Ford*, awake; awake, maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baſkets! well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he's at my houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. *Page.* IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; but truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no ſchool to-day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my huſband ſays my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, odd's nowns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair, William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William:* what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. *Accuſative, hinc.*

Eva, I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative caſe, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, *William, focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural, William?*

Will. *Genitive caſe?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney*'s caſe; fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William,* ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford,* your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance;

ferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth, not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page.* [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*. [*Ex.* Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, none but my own people.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford.* No certainly.——Speak louder.

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve*'s daughters of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility and patience to this distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, mistress *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murther.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter* Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas, alas, three of maſter *Ford*'s brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the-day, I know not: there is no woman's gown big enough for him, otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*, miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come and dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my huſband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy huſband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay in good ſadneſs is he, and talks of the baſket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, ſtill ſwine eat all the draugh.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and Mrs.* Ford.

Enter ſervants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? ſet down the baſket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a baſket! oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me; now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What, wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes*, maſter *Ford*; you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*; this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman,

* See the note, p. 190.

the

the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband: I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes *.

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, man, why—

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday, in this baſket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs *Page!* come you and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have

* See the note, *p.* 190.

I not

I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens cloaths, and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch, [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trayle, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerv-ed him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any fur-ther afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and methinks there would be no right period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gen-tlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; they muſt count off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs! thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in ſubmiſſion
As in offence, but let our plot go forward:
Let our wives once again, to make us ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where

Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes; And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter, Sometime a keeper in our *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter-time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with ragged horns,
And there he blaſts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device,
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field
Diſguis'd like *Herne* with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once

With

With ſome diffuſed * ſong: upon their ſight
We two in great amazedneſs will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And like to fairies pinch the unclean Knight;
And aſk him why, that hour of fairy-revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies; Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that 'tire
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that: go get us properties and tricking for your fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford,*
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind. [*Exit Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an ideot;
And him my huſband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*

* Diffuſed *here means* wild, irregular, extravagant.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The* Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. What wouldſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold to ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian** calls.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay marry was it, muſcle-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman her ſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too from him.

* He means to ſay, thine *Ephaſtion.*

Fal.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir?

Hoſt. Conceal them, and thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*, to know if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her or no: go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Hoſt. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauſtus*'s.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain, do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the hoſts of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and mony. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mine hoſt *de Jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, dere is no Duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go; aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

SCENE X. *Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of a wode woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'th' ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado

is

is here to bring you together! ſure one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection, (So far forth as her ſelf might be her chuſer) Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter, That neither ſingly can be manifeſted, Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff* Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt; To-night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one, Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the fairy Queen; The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe, While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to ſlip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented.—Now, Sir, Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away, While other ſports are taſking of their minds, And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends, Straight marry her; To this her mother's plot She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath Made promiſe to the Doctor.—Now, thus it reſts; Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white, And in that dreſs when *Slender* ſees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

She ſhall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe
To pinch her by the hand, upon that token
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Re-enter* Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. Pry'thee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they ſay there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Enter* Ford.] How now, maſter *Brook*? maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about mid-night at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, *Ford* her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſie in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo life is a ſhuttle; I am in haſte;

haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook*. Since I pluckt geeſe, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook*; follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windſor-Park. *Enter* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Page. COME, come; we'll couch i'th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry mum, ſhe cries budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a-clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! No one means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, and the *Welch* devil *Evans*?

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which at the very inſtant of

Falſtaff's and our meeting they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you, follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that in ſome reſpects makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt. You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda*: oh omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe! A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt, O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i'th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow

of this walk, and my horns I beqeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome. [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away. [*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh *dreſt like a Satyr,* Quickly *and others like Fairies, with tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You ouphen-heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys. [*To be ſpoken with a* Welch *accent.*
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blew as bilberry.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.

Fal. They're fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede?* go you, and where you find a maid [*With a* Welch *accent.*
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy!
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,

In

In ſite as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of Order look you ſcour
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair inſtalment, coat and ſev'ral creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Penſe* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like ſaphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the hunter let us not forget.

Eva. Lock hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet:
[*With a* Welch *accent.*
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come.
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhime.
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The SONG.

Fie on ſimple phantaſie:
Fie on luſt and luxury:

Luſt is but i'th' blood a fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in the heart, whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

[*He offers to run out.*

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, *&c.* *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I've watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you, come, hold up the jeſt no higher. Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives? See you theſe, huſbands? do not theſe fair Oaks

[*Pointing to the horns.*

Become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldy knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and, maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies: I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies, and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, with the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks and wines and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me, I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance it ſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter* Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page!*

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd mum, and ſhe cry'd budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Caius.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs *Page?* by gar, I am cozen'd, I ha' married one garſoon, a boy; one peſant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton.*

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton?*

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.

You

You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Mony buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy! What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. [*To* Fenton *aſide.*] I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo;——Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.